

ON *Exclusive in The Daily Carmelite*
PAPER *by...*
WINGS FREDERICK
O'BRIEN

HOOVER's dry head is seeking college youths as sleuths. What a way to use an education!

g g

"To Robinson Jeffers, Carmel poet laureate, the world is one vast magnificent metaphor, and the men and women in it whirling shapes lent by Fate to fill it, can properly enough let politics and economics take care of themselves while he occupies himself with writing poetry." "The Nation" says that, comparing Jeffers' desires and occupations with Dreiser's, who is busied in attacking the Power Trust, courts and brutal cops, besides, suing Hollywood for butchering his "American Tragedy" film. The ivory tower versus the lecturing tour.

g g

HIKING from California to New York, a mother, twenty-six, carrying a three-months-old baby, begged milk and orange juice along the route. Mother faded on the way from a hundred and sixty-seven pounds to ninety-six. A new fat cure, but one must catch a baby first.

g g

PRETTY women are immune to cancer; they are cleaner. So says a scientist. It is hard to keep washing ugliness, unless it's a Peking fice.

g g

READ "Hot News," a new book, if you want to know how tabloid papers are run in New York and Chicago. It is by a present Hearst tabloid editor, a former "Bodylove" Macfadden tabloid editor. It is horrible, true, and getting worse.

g g

WITHOUT the dole, England would be in revolution. These United States will have employment or income insurance, work or no work, (the dole), within three years, or there will be hell on the Potomac. The most eager for it will be finance, Big Business. Already, the great insurance companies, the true realists of America, make ready to enter this field, wholesale. The endless opponents of the dole are,—whom do you think? Communists.

***Frederick O'Brien speaks through Station KPO every Thursday evening.

THE DAILY CARMELITE

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CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA: MONDAY, JULY 27, 1931

OFFICIAL PAPER 3c

Carmel Exhibit from New York

An exhibition of interest to Carmel residents is now open at Edda Maxwell Heath's new studio on Casanova and Ocean. Part of this exhibition was hung in the Babcock Galleries, New York City, two years ago.

Miss Heath is a marine painter of sincerity and thoroughness. Her canvases, nearly all Point Lobos and Pebble Beach scenes, have a salty atmosphere shining through them. The rocks look sea worn and sea weedy, and Monterey pines are given diversified interpretation.

But it is with sea currents, so complex and unending here on this coast, that Miss Heath does her best work. Her brush strokes indicate with feminine strength the swirl and suction of currents sweeping past indomitable rocks.

"Miss Heath is a reporter of the fortunes of this war of elements. When the urge of weather is from the land the scene becomes placid and almost languorous. Then the sea gathers for assault, when the urge is from the west."

THE TRAIL AHEAD

Tomorrow—Bossa Quartette, concluding recital, Studio Theatre.

Thursday, July thirtieth—"A Midsummer Night's Dream," the Forest Theater (four nights.)

Wednesday, July twenty-ninth: Carol Eberts Veazie in reading of "Green Grow the Lilacs," Greenroom of the Studio Theatre.

Thursday, August sixth: "Beggar on Horseback," Studio Theatre of the Golden Bough (four nights).

Saturday-Sunday, August eighth-ninth Perry Dilly Puppets, Denny-Watrous Gallery.

Tuesday, August eleventh: Frederick Preston Search, 'cellist, in recital, Studio Theatre.

Friday-Saturday, August fourteenth-fifteenth—Luisa Espinel, Denny-Watrous Gallery.

A Day at the Rodeo

by ELIZABETH HOUGHTON
(Our Youngest Contributor)

Ride 'em Cowboy! The white gate of chute number one opens and out comes a real wild and wooly cowboy, mounted on a half-crazed, excited bull. You catch a glimpse of a royal purple colored shirt first on the back of the beast, then wallowing in the arena's dust. Again you see the opening gate—every time revealing a new Rodeo surprise.

This time it's "Let 'er buck!" A cowboy mounted (or he is mounted when he starts!) on one of those naughty bucking broncos that have a fussy idea in their head that they don't want a rider on their back and try to dispense with him as soon as possible. Though the broncs had odd and interesting names, such as Nevada Jim, Skyrocket, Skee Ball and Gunpowder. I think that the latter name describes the broncs as well as any. Speaking of names, there was actually a rider by the name of C. A. Steer astride a steer—no a bull.

There is a slight gap in the entertainment as an announcement is given over the broadcasting doohicky; you catch your breath a minute and look at the arena, quietly. The sight is really picturesque. The lead colored dust of the large arena, is brightly decorated with a border of loud-colored shirts, hats and chaps. Your eye chances on the glitter from some shiny piece of metal on a saddle or bridle. Ah! the west, as it is only once a year—horses, bright moving colors, cowboys, cowgirls and everything that is, or should be, attached to our west.

The trick riders are on! A galloping horse flies by the grandstand, flowing mane, and a man or woman turning cartwheels, or some other equally dangerous trick, on the side of the horse. Oddly enough, a brave cowgirl, in a pure white riding outfit, escaped all injuries in trick riding, but when it came to the line-up for the track race, jockey-

CONTINUED ON LAST PAGE

MONDAY, JULY 27, 1931

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Personalia

Edward Westons' retrospective exhibit
of photographs (1914-31) opens with a
reception this evening at the Denny-
Watrous Gallery.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sumner Greene
entertained Saturday evening at a large
reception for the musicians, Kathleen
Parlow and Margaret Tilly. The re-
ception was held in their studio after the
concert in the Denny-Watrous Gallery.

Doctor David Spence entertained at a
dinner party in his Pebble Beach home
Friday evening. The guests were Misses
Jean Wingfield, Jean Wallace, Patricia
and Agnes Clark, and Jack Morse,
Richard Collins, and James Kemble
Mills of Carmel.

A gay picnic held at Pebble Beach yes-
terday was attended by the Misses Betty
Frank, Audrey Martin, Jean Wingfield
and Virginia Law, Messrs. Frank Work,
Raphael Dohrmann, Tommy Becker,
Ernest Mendenhal, and Vallejo Gan-
ther.

Miss Jane Smith was down from Berke-
ley to spend the week-end with her sis-
ter, Miss Marian Grant Smith.

Having completed a motor trip into
Canada along the Carabou Highway,
John Rockwell, Bill Dickinson, Bain
Reamer, and Stuart Marble returned to
San Francisco aboard the "Emma Alex-
ander."

Mrs. Emmett I. Donohue and her three
children, Emmett, James, and Joan, have
left for a visit in Petaluma.

Mrs. Walter D. Ford, of Redlands, is
visiting Mrs. Elliott Durham for two
weeks at her home on Casanova and
Eleventh.

The Courvoisier Gallery in San Fran-
cisco is now showing lithographs of Jose
Clemente Orozco. These pictures are
duplicates of those shown in the Denny-
Watrous Gallery recently.

JOHAN HAGEMEYER CAMERA PORTRAITS

has re-opened his Carmel Studio,
Ocean Ave. and Mountain View

STUNNINGS BY APPOINTMENT
TELEPHONE 983

SATURDAY NIGHT BLAZE

Fire of undetermined origin on Satur-
day evening did considerable damage
to the Goold property, Ocean and San
Carlos, and but for rapid work on the
part of the volunteer firemen would
have jeopardized a large part of the
business section.

Originally a hotel, the lower floor in
recent years has been used by Peter
Mawdsley and the Carmel Dairy. The
upper floor, where the fire did the most
damage, was given over to two apart-
ments, the occupants of which were
said to be absent at the outbreak of
the fire. An estimate of the damage
was unavailable yesterday, but the up-
per floor appears to be a complete loss.

PUPPETEERING IN CARMEL

There is a woman of unusual talent
now occupying a studio workshop above
the Theatre of the Golden Bough. Mrs.
Florence C. Drake, of Palm Beach,
makes dolls and puppets. She is giving a
puppet show in cooperation with the
Tolmie-Delker school early next month.
Mrs. Drake believes that puppets and
dolls are of great educational value to
children. Puppets known in childhood
have had enchanting and real influence
on such men as Hans Anderson and
Goethe. "Give a child a puppet of the
Punch and Judy type, that is, worked
with the hand," she says, "and a
character such as King Arthur, or Robin
Hood, and it will create historical
sketches and plays of real value." She
has emphasized this point in her articles
on dolls and puppets in the magazines
"Saint Nicholas," "John Martin's," and
"Good Housekeeping." Mrs. Drake has
invented a simplified puppet on strings
which a child can operate. It is tied on
one end to a solid object, the suspended
figure being in the middle, and the
child operating the string on the other
end.

These puppets are made of papier mache,
which Mrs. Drake models to a likeness
of such individuals as Long John Silver,
Ali Baba, Junipero Serra, George Wash-
ington, and Mother Goose. The faces are
finished roughly, so that they can catch
the highlights better. Infinite care goes
into the making of accurate costumes.
Likenesses and costumes are sought in
paintings and books.

Mrs. Drake will open a class in pup-
petry for children later on in the fall,
here in Carmel.

PARLOW-TILLY RECITAL

Mary Lindsay-Olivers' review of the
Parlow Tilly recital Saturday evening
is unavoidably held over until tomor-
row.

MONDAY, JULY 27, 1931

THE DAILY CARMELITE

THE DAILY CARMELITE

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER, CITY OF CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA

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Carmel Day by Day

By THE GADFLY

Up and anon. Thoughts while meandering. What so somnolent than an early Sabbath morn in our hamlet. A sprinkling of left-overs from the wild and wooly well-rehearsed performance somewhere among the lettuce field fields. Giving us that blase stare, as 'twere. The usual trudging to news-emporiums for *la chronique scandaleuse*. Some faces registering either boredom or satiety. The price of chasing novelties, *n'est-ce-pas?* Breakfast haunts disgorging the obese and the scrawny with Chesterfieldian grimaces. Gaunt-like sentinel on duty before his *salle-a-manger* alluring the unwary. Looks like a Sperry flour ad. Bustling activity in a corner grocery; clerks there should sing, "For All Eternity." They are like stokers or arch-members of the Sun-Dodgers' Club. When do they were ex-hibernate? Page the Unions. Steady stream of motors coming down steep grade with the inevitable back-firing as they pass the Metropolitan cesspool—dem stables. Even the motors are gagged with the nidorous wafts and I am sure at the incongruous vista. Let's delegate Amos and Andy to sprinkle some Pepsodent Deodorant.

Seashore again leased by the foreigners for the day. Human nature prancing in the raw. Adults trying to ward off the ravages of Time by aping the full-blown adolescents. And, Oh, what contours: pre-historic, Neo-platonic, Epicurean, Roman, Pre- and Post-Victorian, all cuddled up with a dash of the futuristic. Chance for some landscaper or architectural-engineer on *L'Art de Physique* to do some re-modelling, re-casting or somethin'. Don't mind me; I'm peeved with futile attempts to subduing a double-chin contraption. Envy still mauls me when I cast a *coup d'oeil* at Apollo or Aphrodite in the bronze. Who cares anyway about physical delinquencies. The orb of day doth bid the dunes good-night and the sun-burned trek over the hil and back to their daily grinds for some future sea-board revelry. I fly forth with ravenous intent to my stables, where with my

my kin, the illustrious clan of Gadflies, I gormandize with unleashed appetite. Oh, my, Oh! Pyrotechnic display on Ocean Avenue. Feared for my stables. See you anon.

"BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK"

By FRANCES BAKER

We often stand hesitantly at the door wishing for some sixth sense to show us whether the five-foot eight before us is another indomitable book-agent, or that wealthy distant relation we have never seen. A few talented housewives have it. They are the contented ones who can still hum through their morning's work without the deafening sound of Go-easy vacuums, Happy Home washers or Polar frigidaires. They are not all deaf, either. They simply have the Napoléonic virtue of instantly knowing a man for what he is.

In writing "Beggar on Horseback," Kaufman and Conelly, in philanthropic mood, attempt to simplify human relations by classifying each type. When a butler is needed, not one appears, but no less than eight, each exactly alike in every detail. The dancing-teachers, six of them, could never hide even temporarily in a boiler factory. Each is exactly like his partner, meticulous, a gigolo to his patent-leather toes.

("Beggar on Horseback, directed by Edard Kuster, will be presented at the Studio Theatre of the Golden Bough August sixth to ninth.)

PLAY-READING

by GLORIA STUART

A dramatic reading of Philip Barry's "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," one of the season's most popular plays was given Friday evening in the Greenroom of the Studio Theatre by Carol Eberts Veazie of the Neighbourhood Playhouse in New York City.

The plot is similar to that of O'Neill's "Strange Interlude," though it does not reach that play's high literary value and mordant wit. There is little swift action, the interest being held by complete and finely drawn characterizations, and well delineated problems.

Mrs. Veazie was at her best in the emotional scenes between the wife, Eve Redmond, and lover, Dr. Nicholas Hay. Her voice is admirably suited to deep feeling, containing a vibrant timbre in these scenes. The reader's concept of the silent, faithful valet, Gillespie, was the best characterization of the evening. Mrs. Veazie will read Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs" next Wednesday evening at the same place. This play was "runner up" for the 1930 Pulitzer prize.



THE FORGE IN THE FOREST WROUGHT IRON JUNIPERO AT SIXTH

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RODEO*from page one*

ing for position, her horse refused to budge and became very stubborn. A cowboy attempted to lead her horse, and it reared up, loosing its balance, falling over backwards with the girl under him. Although the girl was not killed, she was badly hurt,—internal injuries, fractured hip. A trick rider that stood out especially, was Kermit Maynard, brother of the well known western rider of the movies, Ken Maynard, who watched his brother from a nearby box, with keen interest.

And speaking of well known people, Alec B. Francis, who is now staying at the Carmel Highlands Inn. Also it was announced that the well known sculptor, Jo Mora, was presenting to the Rodeo, a trophy valued at five thousand dollars, together with a thousand dollars in cash, to the winner of the Rodeo for three years. The Carmel artist took a bow and got a big hand.

The Rodeo is like a three ring circus, so your attention has to be divided perhaps between steer roping, steer decorating on the inside of the arena, or a cowgirl race on the track. A steer dashes across the arena followed closely by a cowboy mounted on a galloping horse. You see the rider, circling at his side his lassoing rope. A cloud of dust and out of it rises a struggling roped steer.

Your attention is diverted by the amusing announcer to the cowgirl track race. They come tearing around the track. A blur of colors. The cerise and orange colored shirts, clash as they pass one another. In a second the race is ended, won by merely an inch of a horse's nose beyond the others.

The announcer makes a wisecrack, and then tells you of the next event, which is the Cowboy Pony Express or relay

race. In the changing of saddles in this race, a mere slip of the hand in fastening the saddle buckle, would find a cowboy leaving his horse and his saddle with him!

Although the announcer proved intensely interesting throughout the Rodeo, his sense of humor seemed to run away with him, in the remarks he made when some fashionable girls and boys of a "ritzy" summer camp played musical chairs on horseback. He seemed to feel that they weren't in their place, trying to compete with the hard riding brave cowgirls. He even went so far as to poke fun at the stout girls, and kidded another by calling her "blondie." But the game proved quite exciting and was a big kick, despite the broadcaster's slams.

There were the pair of usual clowns. Clowns, yes, but one was a very skilled trick rider and the father of a tiny tot that was following in his fathers' stirrups, for trick riding.

And as sort of a wind up of the Rodeo events, there came last, but not least, the wild horse race. And talk about wild horses! They were all suddenly let out on the track, and it was up to the poor cowboys to saddle them. You regarded the turmoil below—colors such as pistacio green, flame, and spring green, dodged here and there. Wild shouts and whinnys, bleating of calves. But when some were lucky enough to get a horse saddled, all they had to do was to ride the wild and jumpy horse in the race, "Ride 'em cowboy!"

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